Falſ. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Falſ. Their poynts being broken.

Poy. Downe fell his hoſe.

Falſ. Began to giue me ground, but I followed me cloſe, came in foot & hand, and with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell would haue it, three miſ-begotten knaues, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it was ſo darke, *Hall*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a mountaine, opé, palpable. Why, thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Falſ. What? art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon. What ſayſt thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reaſon, *Iack*, your reaſon.

Falſ. What, vpon compulſion? Zounds, and I were at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? if reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile bee no longer guilty of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh.

Falſ. Zblood you ſtarueling, you elfskinne, you dried neats-tongue, buls pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to vtter what is like thee? you taylors yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Well, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tried thy ſelfe in baſe cópariſons, heare me ſpeake but thus.

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Prin. We two ſaw you foure ſet on foure and bound them, & were maſters of their wealth: mark now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe: then did we two ſet on you foure, and with a word

word, outfac'd you fró your prize, a
it you here in the houſe: and *Falſtaff*
way as nimbly, with as quick dexte
ſtill run & roare, as euer I heard Bul-
to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt do
fight? what tricke? what deuice? wh
now finde out, to hide thee from thi

Poy. Come lets heare, *Iack*, what t

Falſ. By the Lord, I knew yee as w
Why heare you maſters, was it for
parant? ſhould I turne vpon the true
oft I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but b
will not touch the true Prince, inſtinc
coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke th
thee, during my life; I, for a valiant
Prince: but by the Lord, Lads, I am
Hoſteſſe clap to the doores, watch to
Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Hearts of gold,
lowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we
a Play extempore?

Prin. Content, and the argument ſha

Fal. A, no more of that *Hal*, & thou

Hoſ. O Ieſu, my Lord the *Prince*!

Prin. How now my Lady the Hoſte

Hoſ. Marry, my L. there is a noble m
would ſpeake with you: he ſayes he c

Prin. Giue him as much as will mak
ſend him backe againe to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſ. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauity out of his
I giue him his anſwer?

Prin. Prethee doe, *Iack*.

Fal. Fayth, and ile ſend him packing

Prin. Now ſirs: birlady you fought
did you *Bardol*; you are Lyons too, you
you will not touch the true Prince, no

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7)